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One Halfpenny.

YESTERDAY'S FIGHT FOR THE CITY OF LONDON SEAT.



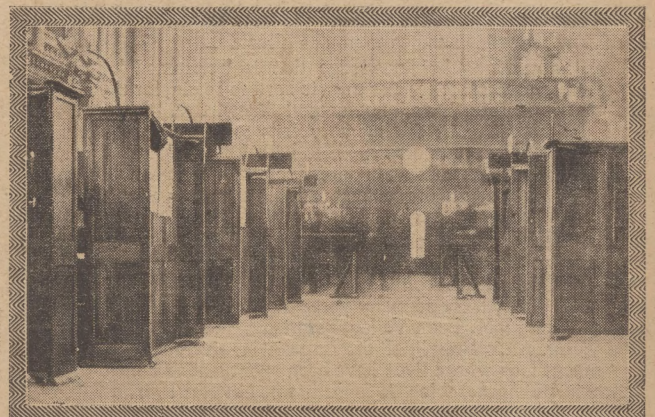
Mr. A. J. Balfour, in whose favour the Hon. Alban Gibbs, who was returned member for the City at the general election, resigned.



Mr. Chamberlain, citizen and Cordwainer, leaving the Guildhall yesterday after having given his vote for Mr. Balfour. Mr. Chamberlain has repeatedly stated that he still regards Mr. Balfour as his leader, under whom he will serve in Parliament.



Mr. Gibson Bowles, who sat in the last Parliament as a Conservative, opposed Mr. Balfour with the support of the Liberal Party. Mr. Bowles is on the left in front with his two sons behind.



Photograph of the historic old Guildhall of the City, showing the polling-booths erected yesterday for the election of a member of Parliament.

Stepping Stones to Success

We all require stepping stones to help us on the way through life, and much depends upon the kind we select. The man who doesn't get such aids sticks in the mud.

Your stepping stones, however, must be of the right sort. Only those of a good, solid foundation and proper shape can serve you efficiently. It is no use trying to avoid the necessity of them by seeking outside help. You must make an effort for yourself if you want to get on in the world.

No matter what your condition in life may be you have need of stepping stones; you want them to lead you to learning or position, even if you are born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth; and so if you are born in humble life you must look out for such support as will enable you to rise. No one can afford to remain stationary.

The stepping stones that have proved the most serviceable in advancing the aims and fortunes of individuals have been books. No other form of help can be compared with books in the power of making a clear path for those who wish to attain success. What were Andrew Carnegie's stepping stones? Books. What John D. Rockefeller's? Books. What Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's? Books. What Mr. Chamberlain's? Again, books. What John Burns's? Books, books, books. And so on through the whole range of successful men in all walks of life. If it had not been for books they would have remained obscure. The men of reading are everywhere the men of leading.

If you have taste for reading and indulge it judiciously—that is if you read the right books—you will, no doubt, be able to make headway without much trouble. If the taste for reading be wanting, cultivate it; you will find it quite easy when once you venture upon the task. There is sure to be some one thing that you are interested in more than another; look it up in books and read about it, and your interest in it will soon increase a thousandfold. You will want to go on reading; and will think of other subjects that you care for, and will read them up, too.

You will now have begun to feel the advantage of their kindly aid, and you will have fresh confidence. If you keep right on they will not fail to give you the proper foothold. There will be one great thing in your favour; the more you read, the more you will want to read. You will have started reading for pleasure, and the pleasure of it will keep you reading, but profit will result as well as pleasure. Thus you will gradually, and almost unconsciously, acquire a valuable stock of knowledge, and it will be knowledge that will stick. This is the difference between the knowledge that is obtained as a task and that which comes to you as pleasure.

Task knowledge—the knowledge that is “crammed” into the mind, whether acceptable to it or not—is hard to retain, for the simple reason that it is forced, and not natural knowledge. It does not interest or impress you; the memory fails to hold it; it is learned to-day, and forgotten to-morrow. But with knowledge that comes to you through books that you pore over with delight it is wholly different. This is so much practical mental capital at your service at all times and for every emergency.

This true wisdom of choice is what you get in the International Library. It is the choice of the best of the thousand best books ever written, and the choosers are the greatest living book experts, including Dr. Richard Garnett, for so many years at the head of the British Museum Library; M. Leon Vallée, librarian at the National Library of Paris; Dr. Alois Brandl, of the Imperial University, Berlin, and other eminent men whose lives have been spent among books. Such a choice is unimpeachable; it could not be bettered! The Library comprises 20 big volumes of the best reading in the whole world of books; all countries and periods being represented.

These 20 magnificent volumes are stepping stones indeed. In the first place, they are sure to attract and interest you as entertainment; they will make your hours of leisure hours of pleasure; they



will be a complete antidote to dulness for you. You will be able to read the world's best stories, poems, and essays to your heart's content, all the classical and foreign writings being presented in perfect English. Then, you can pass to the other classes of literature at your will—history, philosophy, science, oratory, theology, wit and humour. The best of the best books of the thousand best authors of all countries and all ages. This is what the International Library furnishes you with, and you may rely on these volumes carrying you to success if you only use them diligently and well.

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It is absolutely necessary, however, that you should move in the matter at once if you want to obtain one of the Libraries. The enormously large edition we prepared—the largest issue of books ever known—is fast diminishing, and after it is exhausted you will not be able to obtain the International Library except at the regular price, which is about twice as much as the present price.

Sign and send in the coupon below, or a postcard, and we will let you have the Free Descriptive Book by return of post.

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"The Manager, Lloyd's Weekly News,"

308-B, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

Please send me, gratis and post paid, and without any obligation on my part, your descriptive book as advertised in the "Daily Mirror" of February 28th, 1906.

Please write clearly.

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ADDRESS.....

MR. BALFOUR RETURNED.

Cold Prevents Him Taking
Part in City Election.

50 PRIMROSE DAMES.

Mr. Chamberlain and "Mr. Austen"
Vote as Liverymen.

Mr. Balfour was last night declared returned for the City by an overwhelming majority.

The figures were:—

Arthur J. Balfour (U.) 15,474
T. Gibson Bowles (L.) 4,134

Majority 11,340

The figures at the general election were:—
Sir E. Clarke (U.) 10,019
Hon. Albin Gibbs (U.) 15,619
F. Shuster (L.) 5,313
Hon. Sir J. W. Ridgeway (L.) 5,064

Unionist majority 10,306

While the polling proceeded in the City of London yesterday, Mr. Balfour was confined to his room with a cold. It was a coincidence that the ex-Premier and the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, should be similarly afflicted simultaneously.

Mr. T. Gibson Bowles had not the entire field to himself, for Miss Balfour gallantly stepped into the breach in her distinguished brother's absence, and, accompanied by the Hon. Albin Gibbs, whose political self-sacrifice enabled Mr. Balfour to contest the seat, drove round the principal thoroughfares cheering her brother's supporters on to vote—and victory.

"Mr. Balfour III! Work all the Harder!"

While placards bearing this message were carried about the City by more than 120 motor-cars buzzed backwards and forwards conveying the ex-Premier's partisans to the nineteen polling-booths. Rarely has the City given way to such excitement over an election.

Mr. Bowles, the free trade champion, was early on the scene, and, accompanied by his gallant sailor son—Lieutenant Geoffrey Bowles, R.N., who bears an extraordinary resemblance to his brother, the member for Norwood—glided all over the constituency in his swiftly-moving motor-brougham.

JOCULAR MR. BOWLES.

"Am I confident?" said Mr. Bowles, with a cheery smile to the *Daily Mirror* in the heat of the battle. "Well, I shall be wise if I have the result of the poll," and there was a twinkle in the skilful debater's eye, which City hecklers have learn to appreciate during the last few days.

"We don't want a lot of motor-cars," said a keen supporter of Mr. Bowles. "It isn't far to walk from anywhere in the City to a polling-booth. Mr. Balfour has most of the Liverymen—there are 6,000 of them—on his side, and they are the people who want fetching from places like Leyton and Hampstead. Our men are quite satisfied to walk from their offices."

Mr. Chamberlain and his son, "Mr. Austen," did not walk. They drove up to the Guildhall to record their votes as members of the Cordwainers' Company, and, as the protectionist champion left the building, someone called out: "Ow'd yer vote, Joe?"

This cheery familiarity brought a smile to Mr. Chamberlain's face, and he dropped his monocle.

Never has a parliamentary candidate had such a willing and numerous band of lady helpers as the ex-Premier. At least fifty members of the League and twenty-three members of the Women's Tariff Reform League, besides a number from the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, have—to quote an authoritative statement—"canvassed the whole of the City inside a week."

DERBY DAY ON CHARGE.

Not all of the 31,030 voters either walked or motored to the polling booths. A number of stockbrokers drove down in a coster's barrow, which was placarded "Vote for Balfour." It might have been Derby Day in Throgmorton-street.

During the day Mr. Balfour sent a little note to Mr. Inkersole, his election agent. "I have hoped," the ex-Premier wrote regretfully, "to make a personal call in the course of the day, but am most unfortunately confined to bed by doctor's orders. I earnestly trust my friends will work none the less heartily in my enforced absence."

On inquiry at Mr. Balfour's town house in Carlton-gardens the *Daily Mirror* was informed that it was hoped the right hon. gentleman would be out again in the course of to-morrow or Friday.

"PUNCH" AS PROPHET.

Outdoing the most enterprising daily newspapers, "Punch" last night made "The Return of Arthur" its principal cartoon.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE EITEL.

The Kaiser Kisses His Favourite
Son's Bride.

BRILLIANT CEREMONY.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—This morning the bells of all the churches were rung and many thanksgiving services held in celebration of the double festival in the Royal Family—the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress and the marriage of their second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, to the Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg.

At half-past ten in the morning the young couple received the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet, who offered their congratulations. At noon the Emperor and Empress received the congratulations of the various members of their family.

The ceremony of placing the Princess's crown on the head of Prince Eitel's bride, was solemnly performed by the Empress in the Chinese Cabinet at four o'clock in the afternoon. The civil marriage ceremony was carried out in the Emperor's Chamber by Herr von Wedel, the Prussian minister of the royal household, in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the other members of the Royal Family, and the guests.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN REPRESENTS THE KING.

At five o'clock the bridal procession entered the Castle Chapel for the religious ceremony, the bride leaning on Prince Eitel's arm. The cortege was preceded by heralds, and as it filed in the choir sang a hymn. The chapel presented a brilliant spectacle, the handsome uniforms of the Ambassadors and Ministers and the chief State, military, and naval officers flashing in the rays of the twelve immense silver candelabra, with which the chapel was lighted.

After delivering an address to the royal couple, Dr. Dryander, the Court chaplain, read the marriage service, Prince Eitel and Princess Sophie each making their responses in a clear voice.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Emperor kissed the bride and embraced his son. The procession then returned to the Castle for the wedding reception.—Reuter.

The German Consul at Glasgow, Herr Iniepe, yesterday presented £5,000 to various German societies in Glasgow, in commemoration of the Imperial silver wedding; £2,000 is to go towards building a German church in Glasgow, £1,000 to form the nucleus of a German Chair in Glasgow University, and £1,000 to the Glasgow German Club.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOMECOMING.

The King Meets Her Majesty at Victoria Station
on Her Return.

Queen Alexandra was welcomed at Victoria Station yesterday afternoon by King Edward, after her long journey from Copenhagen.

Her Majesty had a rough passage from Calais to Dover in the special steamer *Invicta*, but was not visibly the worse for her uncomfortable experience.

Her homcoming was quiet, there being few of the general public in the station, the King driving up with Princess Victoria in a closed carriage. There were hearty cheers along the route, however, as the carriage, with a mounted patrol in front, went along to Buckingham Palace.

"DIVINE SARAH'S" LAST PET GONE.

Great Tragedienne's Love for Wild Animals That
Kept Her Household in Terror.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Now that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's favourite little dog has been killed by an automobile in America, the great tragedienne has lost her last pet. The beautiful house in the Boulevard Péreire has in its time been a real menagerie. Her favourite pets were a pair of lion cubs. For five months they were the joy and pride of their mistress.

Before the lions, Mme. Bernhardt owned a wild tiger-cat, which she brought from Mexico.

It had all the characteristics of the tiger with the dimensions of a large cat, and its claws were terribly destructive. Only its mistress dared to touch Tigrette. But one morning the cat was found dead, and Mme. Bernhardt was the only mourner.

MIKADO VISITS PRINCE ARTHUR.

TOKIO, Monday.—The Emperor of Japan to-day paid a visit to Prince Arthur of Connaught, who presently attended a municipal reception.—Reuter.

MOROCCO CRISIS.

French Government Ready for Mobilisation
in Event of War.

Whether or not the Conference on Moroccan affairs was destined to come to a speedy end was still a matter of doubt at Algieria yesterday.

Before there is any rupture of negotiations, the police question—a capital point—will be brought before the Conference. Hitherto, as Reuter points out, the transactions have taken the form of a dialogue between the French and German delegates, but now these private conversations will cease.

As the French reply on the question has been favourably received by the delegates as a whole, there is a prospect of a solution being arrived at. Count Cassani, according to Reuter, said: "I expect more from the last quarter of an hour of the Conference than from all its duration." Others seem to have abandoned hope.

Meantime, significant signs of the strained relations between France and Germany are not wanting in other quarters, as the following telegram shows:—

PARIS, Tuesday.—A telegram from Lorient to the "Radical" reports that in Brittany and Normandy German agents and horse-dealers are making large purchases of riding and draught horses, which are immediately sent into Germany.

At its morning sitting to-day the Chamber discussed the Budget of the Ministry of War.

Replying to a question, M. Etienne said that, in the event of war, deputies and senators belonging to the territorial army or to the reserve would join the colours on the eighth day of mobilisation. The Minister added that the Government was preparing a scheme of organisation of public offices in the event of war.—Reuter.

ACROBAT'S WEIRD WAGER.

Franconi Descends the Staircase of the Paris Opera
House Standing on His Head.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The police here are accustomed to strange sights, especially at carnival-time, but none of their previous experiences had prepared them for the spectacle presented on the steps of the Opera House at eleven o'clock last night.

With his feet in the air and his arms serenely folded, a gentleman was descending the broad stairs on his head. "Bump! bump! on every step, with painful precision, down he came."

Arriving finally on the pavement of the Place de l'Opera, the acrobat, to the relief of the police, once more assumed the ordinary attitude. Clapping his aching head, he made for the nearest chemist.

The acrobat, Franconi, explained to the policeman that his performance was the result of a wager with an American, and that having won his £40 he asked nothing better than to get his wounds dressed and go home to rest. His condition is somewhat alarming now.

COOKED MEAT v. RAW MEAT.

French Professor, After Experiment, Declares
Strongly in Favour of the Former.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—In the course of a series of experiments undertaken with the object of finding the best means of nourishing tuberculous patients, Professor Charles Richet has satisfied himself that raw meat is less nutritious than cooked meat.

Experimenting on dogs, the Professor subjected them to alternate periods of fasting and feasting. After five days' fasting, some of the animals were fed for five days on raw meat, and others on cooked meat.

After six months' trials, he ascertained that the dogs fed on raw meat had lost at the end of the time twenty per cent. of their original weight, whereas the others, fed on cooked meat, had not changed at all.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The United States Surgeon-General has notified all quarantine stations that yellow fever has broken out at Bocas del Toro, Panama.

Reports from the shooting camps in Gwalior show that the Prince of Wales is enjoying good sport, having bagged a tiger and a panther, besides other big game.

During a performance at the San Martin Theatre, Santiago de Chile, an electric spark caused an outbreak of fire, in which three persons were killed and about 100 injured.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable breezes, chiefly northerly; cold and rather changeable; occasional snow or sleet; frosty intervals. Lighting-up time, 6.35 p.m. Sea passengers will be moderate generally.

EARL ROBERTS DISTRUSTS BOERS.

Supports Lord Milner's Speech in
the House of Lords.

"DUTCH DESIGNS."

In the House of Lords yesterday, Earl Roberts supported the pronouncement upon self-government in South Africa made by Viscount Milner the previous evening. As the soldier who broke the back of the Boer war, the ex-Commander-in-Chief was listened to intently.

He excused himself for intervening in the debate on the ground that were he to keep silent he might lay himself open to the reports of having deserted men to whom the success of the late war was in a great measure due.

While he deeply regretted that the noble Viscount should have good cause to fear disastrous results from such a change as was contemplated by the present Government, he must declare himself as entirely in accord with the expressions he used.

The change which the noble viscount so greatly dreaded would be at variance with the opinions of almost everyone who was intimately acquainted with the past, and had had recent experience in South Africa and its people, or could speak with any authority with regard to the relative positions of those who were for and against us in the war.

We were legislating for Colonies the great majority of whose inhabitants were a short time ago in arms against us, and many of whom had not even taken the trouble to conceal their disloyalty, not to say their animosity, to Great Britain.

Unless the franchise in the Transvaal was settled on a fair basis, as regards the British portion of the population, our late opponents would have entire and most unfair control over the great gold industry in which so much English capital had been invested. (Cheers.)

TO DRIVE BRITISH OUT.

Their desire was to drive us out of the Colony; but he did not believe that the people of this country would knowingly agree at this juncture with such a change of policy. It would be an absolutely convincing proof of their utter forgetfulness of the past, and of their complete ignorance of what was to the interests of the country.

Viscount Halifax said there were many labourers in England who would be glad if they were as well off as the Chinese labourers.

No one could travel throughout South Africa without seeing that the responsible Government for the Orange River Colony mean the handing over of the Colony under existing circumstances to Dutch influence.

It meant abandoning all control over the schools and converting them into hotbeds of sedition, and a propaganda of Dutch as against English ideas.

It meant putting the English farmers and settlers in a most precarious and dangerous position. If South Africa needed was sufficient British influence to counteract the disloyalty which was prevalent amongst the Boers.

THE COMMONS AND NIGERIA.

Business in the House of Commons yesterday began with the ordering of a new writ for the Basingstoke Division of Hants, in room of the late Mr. Jefferys.

Dr. Macnamara obtained from Mr. Gladstone the assurance that the matter of prohibiting the sale of tobacco and cigarettes to young children would have his careful consideration.

With reference to the recent disaster in Nigeria, Mr. Churchill informed the House that a telegram had just been received from Sir F. Lugard saying that he had heard from Major Burdon that all the white men in or near Sokoto were safe except those already reported killed.

No punitive expedition in the ordinary sense would be necessary, but some force would require to be sent.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE HOUSE.

The number of those engaging in the discussions and debates taking place at Westminster increases daily. To know the constituencies and party affiliations of the speakers is highly necessary if the reader is to follow intelligently each day's proceedings.

The "Daily Mail" Guide to the Old and New Parliaments supplies a real want. This consists of a large Chart in colours, and a sixteen-page Handbook, containing a complete record of the constituencies, members, party connections, majorities, etc. Together these two parts of the Guide furnish the reader with all necessary information.

The complete Guide is issued at two prices—on paper at 1s. (post free 1s. 1d.) and mounted on cloth, with brass rollers, 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 9d.). Orders should be addressed to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, E.C., or to Messrs. George Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street, E.C.

LAW COURT AS THEATRE.

Sixteen Shillings Offered for a Seat at Gallay's Trial.

THE YACHT VOYAGE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The court was again crowded to its utmost capacity when the trial of Gallay, the absconding bank clerk, was resumed to-day. As much as sixteen shillings was offered for one seat by womenfolk who had not been fortunate enough to secure admission.

Gallay, although evidently well satisfied with himself, was looking a little tired, as though he had not slept well, but he did not lose his self-assurance for a single moment.

Mme. Merelli showed some traces of emotion, and whilst her maid was giving evidence she wept in very becoming fashion, frequently bringing the little lace handkerchief into play.

A detective inspector, who had been ordered to make an inquiry about the mysterious "nobleman," who hired expensive furnished rooms and spent money extravagantly, under the name of the Baron Dueche, told about the extravagant kind of life led by the pseudo-baron, but he did not seem to have discovered his real identity. Gallay, having been so long in the police force himself, knew how to put detectives off the scent.

Gallay Beat His Wife.

The concierge of the flat, rented at £24 a year by Gallay and his wife, gave evidence to show that the couple quarrelled frequently, and that occasionally Gallay even went so far as to beat his wife.

Gallay interrupted the witness. "It is quite untrue," he said. "My wife is a highly irritable and nervous person, and we had frequent family discussions, but I never beat her. I am not the man to raise my hand to a woman. Besides, my wife came to see me in prison as late as yesterday, and she would certainly not have done so had I ever beat her."

Mme. Bousse, employed in the house frequented by Merelli, said that it was she who assisted in the introduction of Gallay to Merelli, introducing him as the Baron Dueche. He was the only man she remembered introducing to Mme. Merelli.

"Yes," said Merelli, the witness speaks the truth. I was a frequent visitor at this house, which was let by a Mme. Matt, better known as Miladi, and I never met anybody there but Gallay. For quite a considerable time Mme. Matt had sung the praises of the Baron Dueche to me, and even before knowing him I was favourably impressed."

Several Sealed Parcels.

The journey to Havre and the hiring of the yacht were gone into. It came out that the couple had with them eleven large trunks, eighty-six parcels, and packages of all kinds.

The next witness created quite a little sensation, and everybody stood up to look at her. This was Marie Audot, Mme. Merelli's maid. She is tall, dark, well-built, smart-looking girl, with a decidedly handsome cast of features. Indeed, the pure lines of her oval face made people say she was prettier than her late mistress, to whom she showed the utmost gratitude. She wore a blue tailor-made dress, with a fur boa.

"Madame," said Marie, "was the most kind to me. She had the utmost confidence in me, to such an extent that she authorised me to open all her letters and telegrams. I was not at all surprised when preparations for the yachting voyage began, because I had already been away with Madame for a yachting cruise with the rich Chilian. We were both very, very happy."

Marie Audot went on to relate that the Baron had handed her several sealed parcels to take care of on the yacht.

Travelling Incognito.

These parcels were afterwards discovered unopened in a drawer in the maid's cabin. They contained banknotes and securities to beater. She was not rendered suspicious by the Baron changing his name. She thought he was travelling incognito.

The doctor engaged for the trip next gave evidence. He was so searick the greater part of the time that he was unable to attend to his professional duties, and Gallay had to nurse him. He told the Court that he had a "most abominable time."

Several witnesses were then called who spoke as to Mme. Merelli's good-nature and distinguished character. One of these, a well-known Paris literary man named Ernest J. Jeunesse, came to the bar with a great fuzzy head of hair like an Abyssinian and a huge eye-glass riveted in his left eye. He spoke in a shrill treble voice that aroused considerable amusement.

The Public Prosecutor in his speech asked the jury for an exemplary verdict.

MOTOR-YACHT CLUB'S NOVEL PREMISES.

At the first annual meeting of the Motor-Yacht Club yesterday, it was stated that the old Admiralty yacht Enchantment, which is being converted into a unique club-house, will easily accommodate 1,000 people.

"HATS OFF, PLEASE."

Pitties' Victory Over Obstructionists at the Court Theatre.

There was quite a little "scene" yesterday at the Court Theatre soon after the matinee performance of "Pan and the Young Shepherd" had begun.

Two ladies with large, black hats in the middle of the stalls disregarded the rule of the theatre that hats at matinees shall be taken off. The pit asked them, politely at first, to observe it. Then the murmurs became angry and loud. "Where's the manager?" was asked.

A theatre attendant told the obstructionists that it was the rule for hats to be removed. "Then give us our money back," was the angry reply. "I shall certainly not take my hat off. I absolutely decline."

All this took place during a short interval between the first and second scenes. The house watched the contest with keen interest. At that point the curtain rose again, and the complainants, out of consideration for the performers, were silent.

The next time the lights went up, it was seen that the clamour had had its effect—that, and that the entreaties of a gentleman who accompanied the ladies in question. They had taken their hats off!

This was really the most entertaining episode of the afternoon. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's pastoral play contains some pretty fanciful writing, and Mr. Ainley was very good as the young shepherd, who loves and wins, in spite of Pan, a non-mortal maid. But it was both too long and too slowly played, and the singing in it was execratable. The best thing to do would be to drop the music altogether.

Another little piece by Mr. Hewlett, "The Youngest of the Angels," proved to be an old-fashioned farce, of the lover-in-the-cupboard type. The quality of the Court matinees is falling off.

WEALTH BRINGS NO HAPPINESS.

Once-Enraptured Lady Tells of Disillusion, While Second Husband Protests His "Esteem."

Interviewers are busy trying to extract the truth about the quarrel between the widow of Mr. Charles Yerkes, the "Railway King," and Mr. Mizner, whose wife she became a few weeks ago.

"Mizner captivated me with his gallantry, eloquence, and handsome face," she said. "He sang to me and played like Paderewski, while the volumes in the library seemed to have a new meaning when he read to me."

"I never dreamed that anyone with such spiritual thoughts wanted me for my money." She declared that she was done with Mr. Mizner for ever.

Mr. Mizner, on his side, declares that money never entered into the affair. He has a most affectionate and respectful esteem for his wife, and the story that he accepted £24,000 to quit her is a malicious falsehood.

"WHAT IS WHISKY?" DECISION.

Leading Firms, Pleased with Magistrate's Views, Decide to Hold a Conference.

"We shall take no immediate action whatever," the head of one of the best-known whisky firms told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, with regard to the North London magistrate's recent decision as to what constitutes whisky.

On Thursday the heads of the leading whisky distilling and blending firms in the kingdom will hold a conference in Glasgow, and there the future attitude will be decided.

"My own firm, in common with many others, look upon Mr. Fordham's decision with delight. The man who will suffer, and who deserves to suffer, is he who has for long been selling a quite new grain spirit, at a low price, and describing it as 'Fine Old Highland Whisky.'"

It is estimated that 60,000,000 gallons of patent spirit is at present in stock in Scotland, and whether or not this will be sold if it is not allowed to be labelled "whisky" is an interesting point.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE'S WILL.

The late Mr. Herman Charles Merivale, poet, novelist, and playwright, author of "Ravenswood," the Lyceum triumph of 1890, has left estate worth £2,832.

LORD ABERDEEN AS GARDENER.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, addressing the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland yesterday, said he claimed to be something of a fruit grower, and to have been responsible for the formation and development of what he believed was still the largest orchard in British Columbia.

HEAVIEST SNOWFALL THIS WINTER.

The heaviest fall of snow this winter was registered in Cheshire and Derbyshire yesterday, the fall continuing for four hours, and lying to a depth of several inches.

CHINESE CRISIS.

U.S. Battleship Leaves Manila to Meet Eventualities.

MASSACRED ENGLISH.

Disturbances in China are increasing at a rate which threatens to bring about a grave crisis.

As a dangerous anti-foreign feeling is likely to break out at any moment, says a message which Reuter transmits, the United States troops at Manila are preparing for any eventual rising, and the United States battleship Ohio, the flagship of the fleet on the Asiatic station, leaves in a few days for the China coast.

An American gunboat has been ordered to a spot near the scene of the massacre of missionaries, and a British gunboat is also going up the river.

Details of the massacre of missionaries at Nanchang are still contradictory. A Reuter message



Mr. Kingham in native dress.

says that after long disputes between the Catholic priests and the magistrate of Nanchang the priests invited the magistrate to a banquet, where they tried to compel him to sign an agreement promising a large indemnity.

The Catholics report that the magistrate was indignant and committed suicide.

The Chinese, however, report that the priests attacked and killed him, whereupon the people rose, killing six Catholics (although the latest report gives the number at four) and Mr. and Mrs. Kingham, whose elder child was wounded, and whose younger one was rescued. Fourteen Americans escaped in a boat.

The only Protestant buildings destroyed were those of the Plymouth Brethren.

Well-Known in Birmingham.

Mr. Kingham was one of a party of seventeen independent missionaries and Plymouth Brethren who went out from England in 1894. He was well known in Birmingham, where he acted as a teacher at King Edward's School, Camp-hill. Some time after he left England he was married to an English lady, believed to be a Miss Ponnell, and a few years ago he came home for a short vacation.

There were several other Birmingham missionaries in the party, including Messrs. Lester, Gordon and Blandford.

At present the number of Christian workers in danger in China is:—

Protestants	2,360
Roman Catholics and foreigners	576
Wives of Protestants	800
Total	3,736

Many of the married missionaries have families, but as they make a point of having their children educated at the Chinese ports or in England, most of them are safe.

In the 1890 massacre, 135 Protestant missionaries, thirty-five Roman Catholic missionaries, and sixty-two women were killed; but the Chinese Government assisted in the escape of the majority.

The feeling of unrest is showing itself in other ways than by the massacre of missionaries, and a bitter anti-American boycott. It is reported that an outbreak has occurred at the Imperial Palace at Peking.

When the Dowager-Empress walks in the grounds of the Forbidden City she is escorted by soldiers, according to a Reuter special message.

MR. CHURCHILL SORRY FOR LORD SELBORNE.

Mr. Winston Churchill, whose attention has been called to a speech made at the annual dinner of the Imperial Light Horse, in which the Premier and his colleagues were spoken of "in terms of opprobrium," says he does not propose to attach undue importance to such criticism.

He regrets, however, that Lord Selborne should have been subjected to the annoyance of hearing it offered in his presence.

MRS. LANGTRY'S JEWELS.

Actor's Weary Vigil with Loaded Revolvers and Daggers.

An amusing account of the quandary in which Mrs. Langtry found herself in regard to the disposal of her jewels, on arriving at a Sunday at Pretoria during her recent South African tour, comes from the Transvaal capital.

The gems, of course, could not be deposited in the bank until Monday, and Mrs. Langtry found at her hotel a notice that the proprietor declined to be held responsible for any jewels his patrons might lose, unless they were given into his hands for safe keeping.

Mrs. Langtry thereupon summoned the proprietor, and asked him to guard her treasures until the following day.

"What are the jewels valued at?" asked the proprietor, who was doubtful of the commission.

"Roughly, £14,000; but no amount of money could replace them," said Mrs. Langtry.

The proprietor gasped, and firmly refused to accept so great a liability.

The Chief of Police, appealed to, pointed out courteously that it was no part of his duty to take charge of people's jewels.

Finally Mr. Kingston, the leading man of Mrs. Langtry's company, took the gems to his own room, secreted them in a pillow, barricaded the door and window, placed a dozen loaded revolvers and as many daggers in various parts of the room, and, thus equipped, kept silent vigil through the night.

His sigh of relief when the gems were transferred to the bank officials was the most profound he has ever breathed.

"DAILY MIRROR" SALE OF WORK.

Garments Made by Wives of the Unemployed Now Obtainable at Lady St. Helier's Residence.

The sale of work in connection with the *Daily Mirror* unemployed fund opened yesterday at Lady St. Helier's residence, 79, Harley-street.

Every article offered for sale has been made by the wives of men out of work. The material has been supplied by the *Daily Mirror*, and the women were liberally paid for each article they turned out.

The various garments are beautifully made, and extraordinarily cheap, the actual profit on each article sold being exceedingly small. Yesterday's sales realised £50.

The object of the sale is to give further work to the wives of the unemployed, and it will be continued to-day.

COASTGUARD HOAXED BY ACCIDENT.

Steamer in Distress Signals "Mutiny on Board" by Mistake, and Causes Great Excitement.

If the French had been sighted bearing down upon the coast of Cornwall they would scarcely have been more excited than happened there the other day when a steamer entered Mounts Bay, Penzance, flying an ensign upside down.

In the marine code this signifies "mutiny on board." Consequently the signal flew along the coast that the vessel should be awaited "under arms."

But the display of valour was unnecessary. A mistake had been made in hoisting the ensign upside down. It was only a case of a ship in distress.

The steamer proved to be the Slainburn, of Worthing, from Llynely to Yarmouth with coal, and she had struck the Runnelstone that morning. She immediately sprang a leak, and in a little while the water reached her engine-room.

CHAMPION PANCAKE-SNATCHER.

Westminster Boy Secures Coveted Prize at Shrove Tuesday Ceremony Two Years Running.

The pancake was tossed with all the customary ceremony and conviviality at Westminster School yesterday, the cook skillfully throwing the well-made delicacy among the boys, who scrambled for it with splendid vigour.

Mr. W. H. Hardy, last year's winner, emerged from the crowd with the largest piece, and for his prowess received the customary gift of one guinea.

At Atherstone, Warwickshire, football was played in the public thoroughfares, as it has been on Shrove Tuesday for over 700 years.

FAIR PARISIENNES' CHEWING GUM.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The American habit of "chewing gum" has been adopted lately by Parisian women, who may be observed negotiating awkward lumps of the sticky and tough compound at all hours of the day.

The christening of the infant daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck will take place at Easter Church on March 6.

STRANGE CASE OF A LADY CLIENT.

Hon. Charles Russell Seized by His
Coat Collar.

IMAGINARY GRIEVANCE.

A beautiful woman and the late Lord Russell of Killowen's son were the two chief figures in a strange case that came before Sir Albert de Rutzen, at Bow-street, yesterday.

When the name of Emily Mary Howe was called, that the bearer might answer a charge of seeking her solicitor, the Hon. Charles Russell, son of the late Lord Chief Justice, by the coat-collar, a tall young woman, tastefully dressed in black, stepped forward. She would conduct her defence in person, she said.

Misfortune, and a mistaken idea engendered by it that wrong had been done her, had brought her to the police court, so it appeared from the statement of Mr. Charles Mathews, who appeared against her.

Some years ago the young lady made the acquaintance of a gentleman, who died in 1899. At the time of his death she held a bond from him for £2,000, and a codicil in his will gave her an assignment of a life policy for £1,000.

Solicitor and Client.

Unfortunately when this gentleman's affairs were settled it was found that, in spite of the fact that he had been reputed to be a very well off, he was insolvent. Moreover, even if there had been money to discharge the bond, it was discovered that, there being "no consideration," the document would not have been valid.

Mr. Russell pointed out to this the disappointed lady who had engaged him as her solicitor. The £1,000 she received from an assurance company.

Phrasing the lady's disappointment, Mr. Russell advanced her some small sums of money to help her in a dressmaking business.

One day the lady came to Mr. Russell's office, and, after stating that Mr. C. F. Gill, the barrister, had kindly returned the fees which he had received for advising on her case, demanded that Mr. Russell should also pay her back certain small sums that had been paid him for his professional services.

Mr. Russell would have been very glad to comply with this request at once, but there was an objection to the course. The young lady had been writing to the Incorporated Law Society, Judges, and members of the Bar, mentioning Mr. Russell's name in connection with £3,000, which, she asserted, was due to her.

Before handing her the £45 which she begged for he asked her to sign a document before an independent witness to the effect that he, Mr. Russell, was under no obligation to her, and that she was sorry for her unwise action in writing the letters. The document also contained a promise that she would not make any further demands on Mr. Russell's kindness, and it recognised his generous treatment of her.

"Pay Me £3,000."

The lady signed this document, but on February 19 came to Mr. Russell's office and talked loudly about her £3,000. "Pay me the £3,000 or prosecute me," she had shouted.

Putting her hand to her pocket she had added: "You do not know what I have got about me." She had then seized Mr. Russell by his collar.

After Mr. Russell had given evidence that the lady had threatened to commit suicide, she cross-examined him. Had not he told her that the dead gentleman's family would make her an allowance? she asked.

Mr. Russell replied that there had been an expectation of some such course, but Mr. Benjamin Green Lake, the gentleman, had lost his power of doing anything of the sort.

The Magistrate: He came to grief, I think. Asked to explain her conduct, the lady said: "I certainly held Mr. Russell by the coat."

Sir Albert de Rutzen pointed out that there was no ground for her mistaken grievance against Mr. Russell. He adjourned the summons for six months on the lady entering on her recognisances for £100 to keep the peace.

LIBRARY BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

How anyone may obtain for the asking a handsome book of 120 pages with selections from all that is best in literature will be seen on page 2 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*.

The books are being sent free to advertise the popular library project of the proprietors of "Lloyd's Weekly News."

GIRL'S LONG FITS OF SILENCE.

Mrs. Pritchard, of Brondesbury-park, Willesden Green, told a curious story of her servant, Alice Westbury, a superior girl, who was remanded by the Willesden magistrates yesterday on a charge of attempted suicide.

For days together, she said, she would not speak a word to anybody, and then she would break out into uncontrollable fits of laughter.

WIDOW'S SACRED LETTER.

Refuses to Divulge the Contents of Farewell
Missive of Her Husband.

There was a curious scene in the Paddington Coroner's Court yesterday when Mr. Schroder investigated the death of Mr. J. R. Whamond, an accountant, of Crown-court, Old Broad-street, and Longland-gardens, Hampstead, who shot himself in the Norfolk-square Hotel.

After his death his widow received a letter, and the Coroner asked her to disclose the contents.

The Widow: The letter was to me, and to me only, and that letter was destroyed. Mr. Whamond and I were perfect friends.

But what was the nature of that letter?—A sacred charge—he left me to take care of his own people, and to do my best for the children. He was in great financial difficulties, and it was impossible to go on any longer. We were perfect friends.

"That," continued the widow, "is all the letter contained. That is all I shall tell you. The letter was to me, and no one else has a right to interfere. When I speak it will be to God alone."

When the jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, the widow said: "Quite right. Thank you."

FOSTER-FATHER'S FIGHT FOR A BOY.

Parent Who Abandoned His Child Claims Him in
Vain Now He Is a Promising Lad.

A curious state of things has arisen in the Windsor Union as to the custody of a little boy, who was abandoned by his father when he was a small child. The father now comes forward to claim him.

The relieving officer, who has had care of the lad and has become much attached to him, declines to part with him unless he is absolutely obliged. The lad has grown into a handsome and clever boy, and is in a most comfortable home.

The guardians, who are inclined to favour the relieving officer's appeal, have come to no decision in the matter.

"TRAVELLER'S CONSCIENCE."

Heavy Handicap of Passengers Who Think Tramway
Companies "Fair Game."

Keen interest has been aroused by the *Daily Mirror's* exposure yesterday of the tremendous amount of petty dishonesty which "traveller's conscience" permits.

Further investigations show that by far the worst sufferers are electric tramway companies. An official of the London County Council South London tramways told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that it is estimated that no less than £100 a day is lost in this way in South London alone, or considerably over £3,000 a year.

Letters received show that a number look upon the defrauding of companies of fares as a very small offence. "Of course," writes "Constant Passenger," "I should not dream of paying my fare if the conductor chose to ignore me."

"I am not the only one," the gentleman is rich. Therefore it can much better afford a penny than I can."

Another admits that she would willingly suffer from traveller's conscience, but the conductors never miss her. "I confess, however," naively adds the writer, "that I have sometimes taken a larger pennyworth than I was entitled to."

ROOM AT THE TOP.

How To Deal with the Bogy of Overcrowding, of
Which So Much Is Heard.

No matter how crowded a particular profession or occupation may be, there are always plenty of good positions in its highest branches. The overcrowding is generally confined to the lower end. The object, therefore, of every ambitious young man or woman should be to see that they begin life's battle equipped in such a way as to make their early progress rapid and easy.

The "Hammsworth Self-Educator" is the one book in the world which should be in hands of everyone, man or woman, possessing a spark of ambition. It is a work specially designed to meet the requirements of every conceivable trade and occupation, and it gives in every case just the information necessary for the attainment of success.

The price is such as to bring the work within the reach of anyone who can save a halfpenny a day, each of the forty-eight fortnightly parts costing only sevenpence. There is no time to be lost, however, by those who wish seriously to equip themselves for life's battle, for Part 10 is now on sale, and the longer the delay the more difficult to make a start.

The statement of affairs of Mr. Edwin Clerj, Lessee of Olympia, residing in Bury-street, St. James's, shows liabilities expected to rank at nearly £10,000, and assets estimated at £582.

ENGLAND STILL.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Atlantic
Syndicate Wound Up.

SHIPPING BUBBLE BURSTS

One of the greatest financial bubbles of modern times has burst. From New York comes a message that the syndicate organised by J. S. Morgan and Co. in 1902 to float £34,000,000 worth of International Mercantile Marine Company's stock will be wound up to-morrow.

So fades the dream of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who four years ago organised the stupendous Morgan Shipping Combine in an endeavour to snatch the supremacy of the sea from Great Britain.

With the full confidence of some of America's multi-millionaires, he came to England in April, 1902, with no less an object than the complete purchase of as many of the English Atlantic shipping companies as he could lay hands on. He had power unlimited and money unlimited.

His first act was to buy the White Star Company outright. He paid £10,669,000 for it—£3,147,000 in cash and the rest in shares in the new combination.

Following this he made overtures to Mr. Ellerman, of the Leyland Line, which finally resulted in the purchase at a fabulous price of the whole fleet. Then the Atlantic liner, the Dominion, and the American Lines were engulfed in this golden avalanche, the while the financial world looked on aghast.

Bought £15,600,000 Worth of Ships.

Triumphant Mr. Morgan had his desire. He had an armada of 123 magnificent modern steamships. For a time things seemed to go well with him. England—with the exception of the Cunard Company, which, in spite of threats that they would be frozen out of the Atlantic trade, refused to have anything to do with Mr. Morgan—was despondent, America jubilant.

But his triumph was short-lived. He had the ships, he had the money, but the International Mercantile Marine, destined to be the world's mercantile marine, would not pay.

Mr. Griscom, of the American Line, was made president, and endeavoured to steer his ships into a harbour of prosperity.

He failed, and ignominy fell upon Mr. Morgan. He was forced to ask an Englishman, Mr. Bruce Ismay, of the White Star Line, to go to New York and take the reins.

But in spite of all, the International Mercantile Marine has never paid, and probably never will pay, whilst the great syndicate itself, organised and controlled by Mr. Morgan, is to be wound up.

BISHOP'S APPEAL FOR A MURDERER.

Remarkable Telegraphic Petition to the Home Secretary Fails To Secure a Reprieve.

It is not often that a Bishop intervenes on behalf of a condemned murderer, but the following telegram was sent to the Home Secretary by the Bishop of Manchester in the case of John Griffiths, the young man executed at Manchester yesterday for the murder of his seventeen-year-old sweetheart, Catherine Garraty, at Shaw, near Oldham:—

Shaw Murder.—Pray consider medical evidence to hand this morning; meeting of boy and girl not preceded by any violent altercation and violence not occupying more than twelve seconds might, according to medical evidence, produce death. Had this been pleaded in trial probable verdict manslaughter. Impossible then because boy pleaded not guilty. Pray you most earnestly give benefit of doubt.

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Griffiths, who met his doom with great courage, wrote a letter to his mother, which she described as a most manly letter, but which she says she did not show to the King, even if he offered her his crown.

LADY ARTIST'S ASSETS 3s. 7d.

In the London Bankruptcy Court Mrs. Ada Wheatley, an artist and art dealer, of Hampstead Mansions, was yesterday granted her discharge. Her liabilities were returned at £467, and her assets realised 3s. 7d.

LORD MAYOR ENTERTAINS M. RODIN.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave a luncheon yesterday to M. Rodin, president of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and the council of the society, which included Mr. John Lavery, the vice-president.

LOVER'S EXTRAORDINARY OVERSIGHT.

A witness at the Stratford Police Court yesterday admitted that he had "walked out" with a girl for about twelve months, and did not even know her name.

SACCO'S RECORD FAST.

Still Confident of Success, but Watched
Continually by Doctors.

Little save skin, bones, and muscle are left of Herr Sacco, the fasting man, at Hengler's Circus, who has now completed the forty-first day of his self-imposed ordeal, and thus broken his previous record of forty days' fast. He looks more like a mummy than anything else.

In spite of the unanimous opinion of his doctors, that further fasting is dangerous, and that he is in imminent risk of heart failure, Herr Sacco is determined to complete his forty-five days, and thus break the world's record.

His loss in weight is greater than he anticipated. Before entering the sealed chamber he weighed 14st. 2lb. He now turns the scale at 10st. 5lb. For the last six weeks he has subsisted entirely on mineral water and cigarettes.

Sacco is confident of success. His doctors, however, have ordered him to be closely watched day and night, so that at the least sign of heart-failure the chamber may be broken into and beef-tea and brandy, which is kept in constant readiness, supplied to him.

If he be successful Herr Sacco will leave his chamber on Saturday night, and for the next three days will remain in England, while he regains his strength. He will then return to Hungary and a normal diet.

On April 2 he is to start another period of fasting, either in Manchester or Paris.

Judgment was given at Westminster yesterday in favour of a firm who sued for the sum representing the cost of the hut in which Herr Sacco is fasting, the sum to be fixed later.

PRIVILEGE OF MAGISTRATES.

Court of Appeal Strongly Protects the Right of
Candid Comment from the Bench.

"It would be lamentable if a magistrate could be proceeded against for observations made in the course of his judicial duties."

Such was yesterday's dictum of the Court of Appeal regarding an objection raised by Mr. Law, who was a town councillor and Poor-law guardian of Neath, and a man of position in the locality.

He complains that Mr. Justice Channell struck out, on the ground that he had no reasonable right of action, his claim against Mr. Robert William Llewellyn, chairman of the Bridgend Petty Sessions.

The allegation was that Mr. Llewellyn had uttered a serious slander against Mr. Law in court when the latter prosecuted two men for obtaining money from him by false pretences.

The proceedings, however, were withdrawn, and thereupon Mr. Llewellyn renounced. "This charge has been a gross attempt to blackmail, and if Law finds himself in gaol for twelve months it will probably do him a great deal of good."

Their Lordships dismissed the appeal as frivolous and vexatious.

BECK CASE SEQUEL.

An Apology.

We have to express our regrets and apologies to Mr. Mathew Edward Williams, of Broad-street-place, Finsbury-circus, solicitor, for the insertion of our leading article in our issue of the 26th inst., commenting on the report contained in the *Daily Mirror* of the 24th inst. of the case of Woodthorpe v. Beck.

We have had supplied to us by Mr. Williams a full transcript of the shorthand note of such proceedings, from which it appears that our report stating that he had been paid money which should have been handed to his trustee is incorrect, such money having been paid in discharge or on account of costs incurred subsequent to the bankruptcy, and payable to Mr. Williams personally. Accordingly there is no justification for our comments on the case nor for any suggestion of misconduct on the part of Mr. Williams, whom we learn from inquiries we have made has always borne a high character, and we accordingly unhesitatingly withdraw the same.

We were led into error by some preliminary observations by the Judge, which were dispelled by subsequent evidence and by the judgment.

WHAT DO YOU WISH TO LEARN?

The HARMSWORTH SELF-EDUCATOR

Will Teach You
whatever it may be,
PART 10 NOW READY. PRICE 7d.

FIRST "SNAPSHOT" PRIZE WINNER.

Soldier Obtains "Daily Mirror"
Award of £2 2s.

CONSOLATION PRIZE.

The first weekly prize of two guineas offered for the best amateur photograph sent to the *Daily Mirror* has been won by a soldier. His name and address are:—

Corporal K. S. Crabtree,
Royal Garrison Artillery,
4, Married Quarters,
White Hart-road,
Portsmouth.

The winning photograph, which was published in the *Daily Mirror* last Tuesday, and which showed a pier built on Southsea Beach by the Royal Garrison Artillery, was an excellent proof of the way in which an amateur's camera can be used to take interesting "snapshots" which, otherwise, would never be published.

The voting, in which our readers took part in order to decide which of the eleven amateur photographs published last week was most entitled to the weekly prize, resulted as follows:—

	Votes.
Snapshots No. 6.—Pier built by artillerymen on Southsea Beach	1,261
Snapshots No. 1.—Ladies' hockey match	1,134
Snapshots No. 8.—Capitulating a lifeboat at practice	675
Snapshots No. 5.—Lightning at Bournemouth	646
Snapshots No. 11.—Badminton players at Cheltenham	327

As snapshots Nos. 1 and 11—both of which were full of life and action—were sent in by the same competitor, we have awarded to the lady who took them a consolation prize of one guinea. Her name and address are as follows:—

Miss G. Murray,
Holmanis, Wellington-square,
Cheltenham.

Miss Murray, who is evidently a very clever amateur, and who apparently has an excellent idea of what is interesting from the newspaper point of view, was the only competitor who had two photographs published during the week.

Altogether our first week's competition was highly successful—so much so, in fact, that we hope to receive many amateur photographs well up to the standard of the professional ones which we publish daily.

The photograph accepted for publication to-day is one of an exceedingly novel opening in a fence at Guildford. It leads to a level crossing, and is so shaped that cycles can be wheeled through it without any trouble.

The snapshot is sent in by:—

Mr. Ernest Bongers,
13, Bellasis-avenue,
Streatham Hill, S.W.

In answer to a correspondent, we wish to explain that in paying half a guinea for publishing a photograph we do not purchase the copyright, but only the right of reproduction in the *Daily Mirror*. It should be understood that if we please we may publish a photograph more than once.

For the guidance of intending competitors we publish the following instructions:—

For every photograph used we shall pay 10s. 6d., and, in addition, a prize of £2 2s. will be awarded every week to the person sending in the photograph which our readers consider the best.

D.M. PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

I vote for the photograph numbered, considering it the best amateur photograph published in the "Daily Mirror" during the week ending March 3, 1906.

Voter's Name

Address

N. negatives should be sent in. Only prints will be considered.

Each photograph should bear upon the back the competitor's name and address and the word "Competition," and be enclosed in an envelope marked "Photograph Competition."

A stamped and addressed envelope must be sent with each photograph if the sender desires it to be returned, but in no case will the Editor be responsible for the loss of photographs.

In order to simplify our system of book-keeping we shall only pay the money on the application of the photographer, who must cut his picture out of the *Daily Mirror*, and send it in with his request for payment.

VIKING'S SWORD IN THE THAMES.

Near Putney Bridge a fine Viking sword has been discovered in the Thames at low water. It was embedded in the mud, and, except that its point was missing, it was in a good state of preservation, bearing lettering that gave evidence of its origin.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Maylebone Borough Council announce that free baths will be given at the council's depot, near Edgware-road, from nine to eleven each morning.

Thirty-seven Chinamen were charged at Liverpool, yesterday, in connection with a raid on a Chinese gambling den in that city.

The Marquis of Exeter has requested the Rev. Sidney S. Claude Tickell, rector of St. Mary's, Exeter, who has avowed himself a Socialist, to resign.

Christian Blackfeet Indians, in the diocese of Calgary, North-West Canada, are sending missionaries for the evangelisation of their neighbours, the Blood Indians.

A deputation on the question of medical inspection of school children waited privately on Mr. Birrell yesterday, among those who attended being the Bishops of Ripon and Southwark.

A book of "Last Dying Speeches and Confessions," issued nearly 100 years ago from the press of the famous James Catnach, of Seven Dials, was sold yesterday at a London auction for a sovereign.

The Corporation of London will to-morrow consider a proposal for the payment of £100 to Alderman Sir John Pound, Bart., in respect of furniture purchased for the Mansion House during his mayoralty.

After eight years of hard work on the Duke of Newcastle's property at Nanton, Notts, a bed of household coal, hitherto inaccessible through in-rushing water, has become workable, and will shortly provide work for 1,000 colliers.

The Postmaster-General is to be asked whether he will consider the desirability of allowing the letters of members of Parliament to pass free of postage.

Mr. Remnant, M.P., has given notice to ask the Home Secretary if he will make provision in the estimates for giving London policemen one day's rest in seven.

In a collision between two empty trains at Woodstock Station, on the Great Eastern Railway, yesterday, a carriage cleaner was injured and four carriages were damaged.

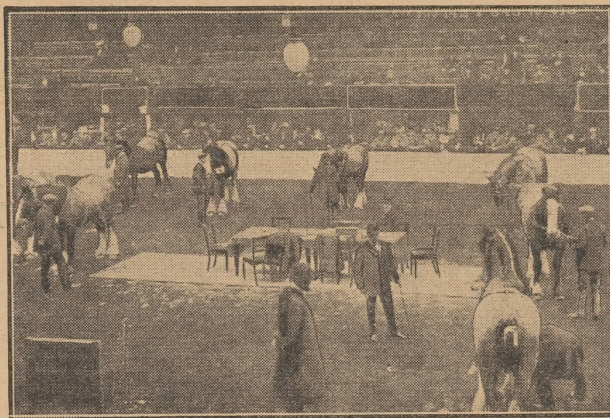
St. George's School, Nelson, which had been deprived of Government grant and rate aid, has been reopened by the Roman Catholics, who will maintain it by voluntary subscriptions.

Travellers, most of them en route for the Riviera, by the midday turbine steamer from Dover to Calais during February have averaged 400 a day, three times as many as the average—130—in February, 1905.

One result of the opening of Kingsway and Aldwych is that the assessment of the Holborn Restaurant has been increased 50 per cent., from which advance, however, the management have obtained a reduction by one-third.

Organists and choirmasters should see the short sacred cantata, entitled "The Story of the Passion," words taken chiefly from Holy Scripture, set to music by Albert Mellor, organist Parish Church, Windsor. The work is of exceptional merit, dramatic, yet easy, and most suitable for use in parish churches. It is published by the Willis Music Company, 8, Newman-street.

JUDGING AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.



In breeding Shire horses England admittedly still stands supreme, as is evidenced by the number of foreign breeders who visit the annual show at the Agricultural Hall. The above photograph taken yesterday shows the judges making their awards.

Coated by a fireman at Yeovil, Somerset, a cat sprang fully 30ft. into his arms to escape from a burning house.

"Under the care of the deacon's wives" is the amusingly erroneous description of a stall at a Bursley bazaar.

While a boy was running behind a brewer's van in Whitechapel, yesterday, some barrels fell upon him, causing his death.

Sir John Tenniel, the veteran cartoonist, formerly of "Punch," to-day celebrates the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth.

Urging simplification of the Poor-law, Mr. Geoffrey Drage states that the statutes and orders in force would fill 2,500 octavo pages.

Wrencote, a 200-year-old house in High-street, Croydon, said to have been built by Sir Christopher Wren, is about to be sold by auction.

The Chinese Commissioners, who are studying local government and industrial conditions in Europe, will leave London to-day for Paris.

For an old Chinese vase and pair of beakers 270 guineas was realised at Christie's yesterday and for a Chelsea Derby dessert service 180 guineas.

The date for the Gordon-Bennett Aeronautical Cup contest for the longest distance covered by any type of aerostat has just been fixed for September 30.

For twenty-three years Mrs. Boyce has acted as "postman" at Pulham St. Mary and Pulham North Green, Norfolk, and has not been absent a single day from her duties.

In the Lady Chapel of St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, a tablet is to be erected in memory of Benjamin Franklin, who, when the site was occupied by a printer's shop, worked there twelve months.

A portion of the vaulting in the choir of Westminster Cathedral fell in yesterday, leaving a large hole in the roof.

Driven desperate by his wife and seven children constantly singing "Everybody Works But Father," an Iowa man has twice attempted suicide.

Four Mormon colonies have been established in Northern Mexico, having a total holding of 240,000 acres and a population of 2,486 professed Mormons.

The Secretary of State for India has received from the Viceroy a report that good rains have fallen in most districts, but 323,000 persons are still on famine relief.

Twenty-three athletes have been selected to represent America at the forthcoming Olympic games in Greece, subject to the consent of the respective college authorities.

On the tobacco stalls opened in London railway stations by Messrs. Albert Baker and Co. there was, it is stated in the annual report of the company, a loss of £405 on the first year's working.

The Archbishop of Westminster will bless and distribute the ashes in Westminster Cathedral to-day—Ash Wednesday—at 10.30, and afterwards assist at High Mass.

"I'm glad Saffron Walden shows such a good bill. I hope 'twill go on and get soberer still," was Sir Wilfrid Lawson's poetic reply to a correspondent who informed him that there had only been two convictions for drunkenness in the district in 1905.

"I am told he is trying to do all the good he can. It is not often we get that sort in the Army," said a member at yesterday's meeting of the Preston Guardians, referring to a colonel's charitable offer. He was promptly made to withdraw the statement.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

ADELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart. Last Week. TO-DAY, at 2.15 and 8.15, A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. MAT. Every Wed. and Sat. 2.15. Oscar Asche, Lily Benson, and Elizabeth Parkins. Box-office (Mr. Terry), open 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Strand. Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8, Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2. CHAUNCEY FROHMAN presents SEYMOUR HICKS and the Aldwych Theatre Co. in *BLAUVELT* (Last Night). Tel. 2315 Gerrard. Box-office open 10 to 10.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-DAY and EVERY EVENING, at 8, NERO.

By Stephen Phillips. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts), 10 to 10. No. 60, Strand. Tel. 1772 Gerrard.

IMPERIAL. LEWIS WALLER. SATURDAY NEXT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. A romantic comedy in four acts, BRIGADIER GERARD.

By Arthur Conan Doyle. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5. IMPERIAL.

NEW ROYALTY. THEATRE FRANCAIS. LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE SEASON.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, Mlle. LEONIE YAHNE, supported by M. CALDARY, in Bussy's amusing play, MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR.

TO-MORROW and FRIDAY, at 8.30, Mlle. LEONIE YAHNE and M. GALIPAUX in JALOUSE. Saturday Next, Matinee at 2.30, and Evening at 8.30, MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR.

MONDAY and TUESDAY NEXT, LIES SURPRISES DUE FORCE. M. CALDARY, in Bussy's play, MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR. 10 to 10 (Matinee and Evening) special production of CHAMPIGNOL MAJORIE LUI, the most successful of farcical comedies (M. Galipaux and distinguished company).

ST. JAMES'S. GEORGE ALEXANDER, at 2 and 8 sharp, in a New Comedy, HIS HOUSE, written by W. Pinero.

MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. THOMAS W. RYLEY. At 8.15, Mr. NAT. C. GOODWIN, in AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, by Madeline Lucette Ryley.

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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

MATINEE TO-DAY and Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. Box-office 10 to 10. Tel. 3830 Gerrard.

WYNDHAM'S. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Nightly, at 8.55, Matinee Saturdays, at 3. "CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. Davies.

Charles Wyndham, Marion Terry, and Mary Moore. At 8.30, "The American Widow." Doors open at 8.

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THRICE DAILY, at 3 p.m., 6 p.m., and 9 p.m. SINGERS FLORENCE ST. JOHN and CO. EUGENE STRATTON MABEL LOVE, M. E. MORAND, MADGE TEMPLE, MR. RICHARD GREEN, Mrs. BROWN-POTTER, MILLIE HYLTON, "LA MASCOITE," etc.

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OLYMPIA. TO-NIGHT.

On the Giant Grass Carpet.

FOOTBALL.

Knightbridge v. Holland Park Amateurs.

Ralph Rovers v. City Rovers.

RUNNING.

Knightbridge (Scottish Champion) v. BARBARA.

Half-Mile Race.

TINCEL (Scottish Champion) v. BARKLEY (of Surrey).

PROMENADE CONCERT.

VOICED BY MR. RICHARD GREEN, MR. BROWN-POTTER, MILLIE HYLTON, "LA MASCOITE," etc.

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LIEUT. FOREST'S LIGHT INFANTRY BAND.

INCLUSIVE ADMISSION 1s.

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(late MASKELYNE and COOKES), ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE, W.—Daily, at 3 and 8. MASKELYNE (new version) including Indian Magic and brilliant programme. Reserved seats, 2s. to 5s.; balcony, 1s.; children half-price. Phone, 1345, Mayfair.

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POLYTHEATRE, Bedford-street, W., at 5.

Opening of Parliament, etc.

Sets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., Children half-price.

QUEEN'S HALL, March 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. Evenings at 8.

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CREATOR and HIS BAND from America.

Mrs. E. R. L. Soprano, Soloist.

Special Feature Numbers Every Concert. Monday.

"Mignon," "Lucia," "Sextette," and "Carmen." Tickets 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., of Dress Agents.

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

GENERAL, disengaged, aged 19; excellent reference; plain cook; wash; good worker.—Alice, 23, Market-place, Gainsborough.

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A Genuine Home Employment.—Tinting small print; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelopes (20), 17, Ranc-lachay, Fulham.

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AGENTS wanted: Kyl-Kol; 6d. packet saves quarter ton coal; agent's profit, one week. £10 10s.; you can do this.—Richard Henry, Hirkstead.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus 2d.—Berry-st., Liverpool; 235, Deansgate, Manchester; and Land-st., Southampton.

Domestic.

USEFUL help, to do plain cooking; no rough work; good home.—J. Tingay, 1, Finsbury, W.

HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

200 Pairs Oester Barrow Wheels; new, cheap.—63, New Kent-road, W.

5,000 Pairs Wheels in Stock for Carriages, Vans, Traps, Carts, etc.; very cheap line for truck work; list free.—Tye Works, 61, New Kent-road, London.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1906.

WHY SELF-DENIAL PAYS.

SELF-DENIAL is not a fashionable virtue nowadays. "Why shouldn't I have as good a time as I can?" is the usual answer to any suggestion that "giving up" is a wholesome discipline.

The observance of Lent, therefore, is out of fashion, too. A few devout Churchmen and Churchwomen do fast often, and give up luxuries, but the mass of people will make no difference in their lives whatever during the next six weeks.

The six weeks before Easter (which this year begin to-day) were ostensibly ordained a period of fasting and self-denial partly to commemorate Christ's forty days in the wilderness, partly as a preparation for the high festival of Easter.

But the real object of fasting lies much deeper down. Human nature has felt the need of it from the earliest times.

All the great religions have set apart a certain season for abstinence and spare living. Jews and Mohammedans likewise have fasts, and keep them still, more obediently than Christians do theirs.

It does everyone good to practise self-denial, whether they practise it from religious motives or not. Its finest effect is upon the character. To go sometimes without a thing you want has the same effect upon the mind as a cold bath and a hard rub-down have upon the body.

There is no harm in liking the good things of life, in enjoying pleasant food, or appreciating a fragrant cigar, or being fond of amusements, so long as you are not a slave to them.

If you can at any moment show that they are not necessities, that you can be content with a life of hard work and plain fare and a pipe (or even without tobacco at all) then luxuries are merely your servants.

If you have come to depend so much upon being provided with the best of everything, upon having the path of existence smoothed for your delicate feet, upon being clothed always in purple and fine linen—if you have grown to depend upon luxuries so much that you are unhappy without them, then they are your masters and you are their pitiful slave.

Suppose a soldier in peace-time were to get so soft and flabby with good living that when war broke out he could not mount his horse or bear the weight of his accoutrements, or stand the hardships of campaign, we should all despise him, should we not? We should even laugh at such a poor creature.

Let us make sure, though, that we are not in the same case as that soldier whom we find so contemptible.

We talk of the "battle of life," of the "warfare of existence," of "fighting the good fight," but do we always remember that there really is an analogy between the life of a soldier, who may be called to take the field at any moment, and the life of every human being?

We all have to be in the field constantly, waging war against a tremendous array of enemies. First of all, most of us have to struggle for a living. Then we have to beat down our natural tendencies in the direction of laziness, or carelessness, or cowardice, or immoderate self-indulgence of some kind, such as over-eating or over-dressing, or drink.

Lent might be a fine training-time for us if we went in for a little fasting. At the end of it we should be in better trim for overcoming the obstacles that lie across the paths to success and self-control and self-respect and happiness.

We should probably be better in health, too, a great many of us. Most people eat too much and take too little exercise. Live plainly and walk more, and with the money you save see if you cannot help some of those who live a life of perpetual compulsory self-denial. That will do you good every way. H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve, a stiff-set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life,—who cares
So long as the One Flag floats and dares!

—Hendry.

[To-day is the anniversary of the Relief of Ladysmith.]

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE season of fasting and repentance (not particularly severe for most of us) begins once again to-day. Ash Wednesday, and the celebration of most other important occasions in the ecclesiastical year, have gone so much out of fashion that many people require to be reminded when they come. Only in certain parts of the world is the last day before Lent—Shrove Tuesday, the day for being "shrived" or "shrove"—maintained to any extent. So it is hardly to be expected that the first day of Lent—when, long ago, believers went to their churches in sackcloth to be signed with the priest's ash-stained fingers—should be remembered with any more enthusiasm.

What is still kept of old customs is unfortunately the unpleasant part. I hear from a correspondent staying at Nice that the visitors there have been unusually distracted by the carnival this year. Carnivals, in fact, instead of being a final relaxation before Lent, are now considered by nearly everybody but confetti merchants as the final Lenten penances. Mardi Gras, for instance, in Paris, is a truly irritating day. In Nice, the sun and the real approach of spring may excuse the carnival; but what can be said for generally muddy streets, with the coloured paper melting into the mud, the

a self-conscious English official, of crowing the hours of the Lenten night near the King's palace, instead of proclaiming them, as the watchmen did. Shortly after the German George's succession this officer entered the room where the Prince of Wales sat dining, and tooled certain ludicrous sounds intended to convey the fact that it was ten o'clock. This not unreasonably incensed the Prince, who scarcely understood plain English, much less cock-English, and thought that he was being insulted. So from that day the ancient habit was forbidden.

Rumours from America imply that we are to be cursed with another disputed succession affair; a postal clerk in Colorado has discovered, it seems, that he has a claim to the title and estates of Earl Bathurst. It is strange to hear that there should be any dispute about this family, because their history is well known, as a book has, in fact, been published concerning them—"A History of the Apsley and Bathurst families." Lord Apsley is the title borne by the heir, who is a little boy, nearly ten years old.

The names of Bathurst and Apsley were first associated in the seventeenth century, when Allen Bathurst married his cousin, Catherine Apsley. The Bathursts of those days seemed to have had

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

EDITOR AND MADMAN.

Forgive me for calling attention to a little mistake made in a very kind reference to me in "This Morning's Gossip."

You say "a madman called upon Mr. A Beckett one morning with obviously violent intentions. Mr. A Beckett set him on the sub-editor, as he always did when such visitors came. The sub-editor was a strong man."

This did not happen in Boniverie-street. The madman to whom your contributor refers used to visit me when I was the editor of the "Glowworm" in 1865. My sub-editor was the late Brockwell Dalton.

But it is only right to say—in the cause of humanity—that I never took my sub-editorial friend "unaware." I used to whistle up the connecting pipe between his room and mine, briefly explain the character of the coming intruder, and advise him to "make himself scarce."

I was in my twenty-first year at the time, but still regretted that the paper could not afford to add to its regular staff a "fighting editor." And my regret was shared by my friend, Mr. Brockwell Dalton.

ARTHUR A BECKETT.
Garrick Club.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Instead of going begging to the Government for old age pensions why do not the working men and women of Great Britain take the matter up and pension themselves?

Mr. Whittaker proved that the amount spent by the working classes of the United Kingdom on drink in 1903 was £108,000,000, or £14 8s. per family, i.e., 5s. 7d. per week. This would more than settle the question of old age pensions!

If working men would knock off the habit of smoking, too, there would be very little poverty. I know non-smokers and total abstainers; they enjoy life thoroughly, and I fail to find them, as a rule, begging, cap in hand, for help either from individuals or from Government.

TUMBRIDGE WELLS. COMMON SENSE.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

I consider caning the boys, which is short and sharp, a punishment which has a better moral effect than other kinds of punishment covering several days, such as leave stopped for a week, working during play-hours, etc.

I know from personal experience that ninety per cent. of the boys themselves prefer the caning to other methods, because it is over quick and done with. As for caning a boy on the bare flesh, that I have never seen done during my experience in the Royal Navy, ending 1904.

F. R. BIRD, Fleet Reserve, R.N.

Wisbech.

THE TWO KINDS OF WOMEN.

Every girl would marry provided she met a man she could love; it is the natural desire of her heart. But surely the girl, who of necessity works her own way in the world, not with a desire to ape men, but simply because she knows she must do so to get her daily bread, and, therefore, cheerfully supports herself—surely she should be admired rather than those who marry because they will not be dependent on themselves. JANET WITHEY.

Newlands Park, Sydenham.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Prince Eitel Fritz of Prussia.

THE Kaiser's second son, who was married yesterday to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, has always been a favourite with the German people—more popular, perhaps, than his elder brother, the Crown Prince.

He is said, besides, to be the Kaiser's favourite son, and has on all sides a reputation for winning the hearts of men. That is partly because he is really young in spirit.

As a boy it was known that he was refreshingly mischievous, and stories went about of the pranks he played, even upon his Cæsarian father—of how he refused to take a bath one cold day in winter, and how the guards at the Palace gates were therefore forbidden to salute him, which reconciled him to bathing at once; of how, again, he was once sent under the table for naughtiness at a meal, and emerged thence at last with nodding ears, remarking that he had been called a pig, and pigs, of course, never wore clothes.

This gaiety and life, together with real pluck and a quick intelligence, are the qualities in Prince Eitel which explain the interest taken, all over Germany, in his wedding yesterday.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 27.—It is a great pity one so seldom sees single roses in gardens, for there are many beautiful varieties, easy to grow and very showy.

One of the best is Bellefleur, a truly lovely subject for hedges or pillars, having fiery crimson flowers with bright yellow anthers. Another splendid crimson is the carmine pillar.

Polyantha grandiflora (large white) is a very vigorous grower, and requires plenty of room; while the new Waltham rambler (rosy pink in clusters) should be in every garden. The single Austrian and Rugosa roses are very popular and useful. E. F. F.

THE WAR OF THE WHISKIES.



The legal decision just given that "patent-still" whisky is not really whisky at all is not likely to make people drink it any the less. "Pot-still" whisky may have a better claim to the title, but it is hardly likely to knock its powerful competitor out of the field.

bedraggled "serpents" hanging from the dripping trees, the traffic off the boulevards, and crowds of students and do-nothings ploughing through it, all with bags of the obnoxious paper in their hands?

Last year, when Shrove Tuesday came, I remember hearing from two people who had determined to spend their honeymoon in Paris, and had arrived on that very day. As they drove to their hotel, across the Place de l'Opera, the doors of their cab were forced open, they were pelted with confetti, and incited to a gaiety they did not feel by cries of "Oh, yes!" "Roastbif!" "Soda-water!" "Go ahead!" and others of the singularly irrelevant English syllables usually chosen as being peculiarly idiomatic by Frenchmen who know nothing of the language. They were disgusted that they left Paris the next day, and remain now, I am sure, secretly convinced that the people of that city have nothing to do but to throw bits of paper at one another.

This absurd custom has survived, then; but others, belonging exclusively to Ash Wednesday, are dead. Perhaps the most eccentric of these was killed in the reign of George I. Up to that time there had always existed in England an officer called the "King's Cock Crower," who had the duty, which must have been extremely painful to

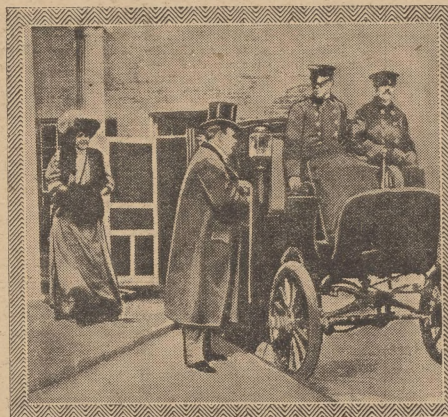
remarkably large families. Allen had eleven children. That, if creditable, was not exceptional. But one of his brothers had seventeen, and another, who married twice, no fewer than thirty-six! It is remarkable, by the way, that the first Earl Bathurst married at the age of eight. The bride was just four. Such infantine marriages were not uncommon amongst the great of that time.

The March number of "The World and His Wife" is full, as this ideal home journal always is, with excellent pictures and reading. It is the kind of magazine to keep for binding. One of its most original features has always been the "outspoken articles," a series to which many well-known writers have contributed. This month's piece of plain truth is supplied by Miss Annexley Kenealy, who gives an acute analysis of the causes for unhappiness in many modern marriages, and shows that she has an unusual insight into the ways of mere men in the matter—criticising them without bitterness, indeed, but also without illusions.

A world weary with much politics will hope that yesterday's election may be the last to disturb the more or less even course of things for many months to come. Even the people not immediately concerned with them have had enough elections. What must be the feeling of those who have had to direct them?

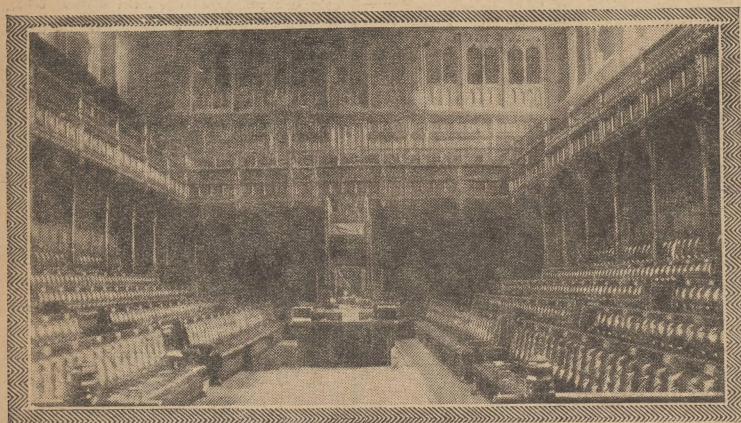
THE LATEST NEWS in PICTURES.

ESCAPE OF MISS ROOSEVELT FROM HER WEDDING CROWD.



At the wedding of Miss Roosevelt the most interesting features were the procession of millionaires to the ceremony and the escape from the crowd by a back window of the bride and bridegroom. The photograph on the left shows—(1) Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; (2) Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet; (3) the Misses Milles; (4) Mrs. J. J. Astor. On the right the bride and bridegroom are reaching their motor-brougham by the window seen open behind.

LADIES' GRILLE IN THE COMMONS THREATENED.



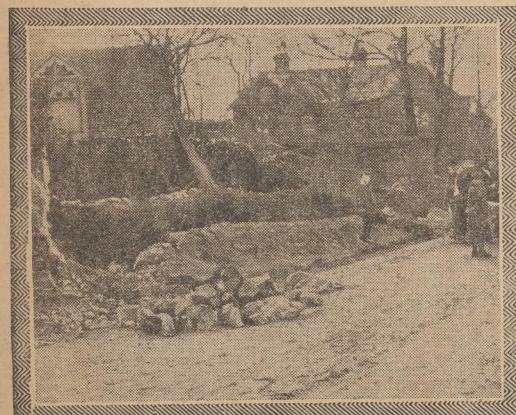
High above the Speaker's chair is seen the famous grille hiding the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery from view. Mr. Norman has asked whether this cannot be removed, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman holds out no hope of any change.

"TOWN TOPICS" SCANDAL.



Colonel Mann, proprietor of "Town Topics," a New York society paper, who is being tried for perjury.

FATALITY BY FALL OF A WALL.



While digging the above trench at the foot of the wall at Lake Hall, Sandown, the wall suddenly collapsed, killing one man and seriously injuring another.

WALLSEND THEATRE BURNT OUT.



Although an iron-built structure, the damage by fire to the Wallsend theatre is estimated at £3,000. All the scenery of the "Prairie Flower" company was destroyed.

CAMERA

STRIKING PORTRAITS



Taken at the Great Eastern Hotel, J. Balfour. It was coming home cold that has laid him up. It was a pince-nez suspender.

PHS

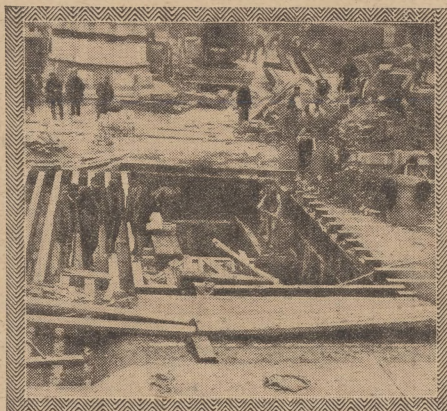
R. BALFOUR.



photograph of Mr. A. R. Balfour caught the Balfour has two pairs of istcoat.

THE DAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED

RAILWAY UNDER RAILWAY.



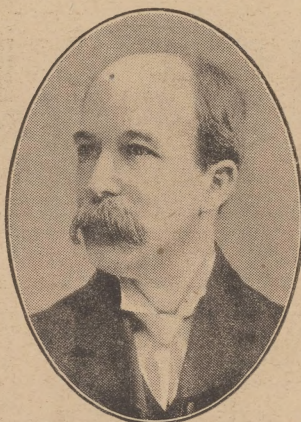
Under the South-Eastern Charing Cross Station is being built a station of the Charing Cross and Hampstead tube railway. The photograph shows the final touches and the roof being completed.

MAKING PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.



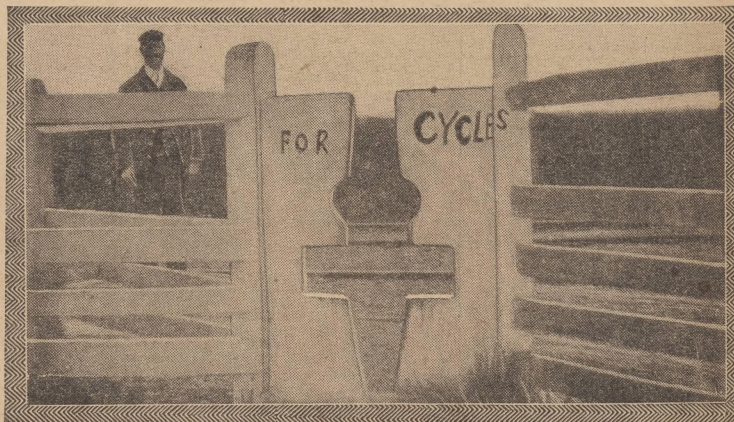
Famous bands of the present day not only delight living audiences, but carefully make provision for the enjoyment of generations yet unborn. Above is a photograph of the Garde Republicaine band of Paris playing to the Columbia phonograph at Great Eastern-street, E.C.

DISAPPOINTED M.P.



Mr. Thomas Summerbell, Sunderland's Labour member, has told a meeting of compositors that Parliament so far has been a great disappointment to him.

No. 14. AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' COMPETITION.



Amateur photographers are invited to send interesting news photographs to the *Daily Mirror*. For each one used 10s. 6d. will be paid, and every week a £2 2s. prize will be awarded to the sender of the picture adjudged by our readers to be the best. A voting coupon is to be found on page 6. No. 14, sent in by Mr. Ernest Bongers, of 13, Bellasis-avenue, Streatham Hill, shows an ingenious gateway for cycles at a level crossing at East Guildford.

SALVATION ARMY EMIGRANTS FOR CANADA.



Intending emigrants applying for tickets at the Salvation Army headquarters in Queen Victoria-street.



Final instructions being given to emigrants to Canada by Colonel Lamb, of the Salvation Army.

You can begin this Serial To-day.

By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

PAUL CHESTER, a clever, handsome young man, with great political ambitions.
LADY SUSAN CHESTER, his wife.
THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS OF BERKSHIRE, the coming Prime Minister and his beautiful wife.
LORD ROBERT AXLYMER, cousin to Lady Susan Chester, whom he loves.

FOR NEW READERS.

Paul Chester, the rich son of a big manufacturer, is married to a woman whom he has ceased to love, having discovered that she married him for his money. But she has learnt to love him and is heartbroken when she sees she is losing him.

Chester has great political ambitions, and he sees an unusual opportunity of furthering his chances when he and Lady Susan are invited by a friend, Mrs. Riddell, to meet the Duke and Duchess of Berkshire. The Duke's success as a politician is largely due to his beautiful wife, who, years ago, manoeuvred him into the Cabinet, and now hopes to make him Prime Minister. She is remarkably fascinating, and has made many men fall in love with her, only to fool them, that she may help her husband.

Paul Chester is extremely anxious to meet the Berks-shires, for their influence might mean everything to him. But he hopelessly ruins himself. Out walking in the country, he comes across an exceedingly beautiful woman, mercilessly thrashing a small pet-dog. Chester, amazed at her cruelty, calls upon her to stop. This only infuriates the woman; but he succeeds in taking the dog from her. She passionately tells him that one day he shall suffer for what he has done, and after hot words they part. That evening, in Mrs. Riddell's drawing-room, Chester is introduced to the Duchess of Berkshire, and is amazed and horrified to find himself face to face with the woman whom he had made mad by his cruelty that morning. But she does not appear to be so hostile as he expected. She even hints that she wants to help him, and invites him to her country house.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Maker of Men.

Paul Chester leaned back in the railway carriage and gave himself over to reflection. The train was hurrying him down to Berkshire, for, after all, the Duchess had not forgotten her promise, and now he was on his way to stay at Helmsworth. That great house was to open its doors for him; he was to be received even as one of the elect.

It all seemed wonderful, incredible, yet, nevertheless, it was a fact. Henrietta, though she had hardly spoken to him since their interview in the conservatory, and had merely given him two cool fingers when the house-party broke up, had actually found time to write him a personal letter a fortnight later and to signify her pleasure that he should come down to Helmsworth on the following Thursday.

"We shall be a quiet party. There will be hardly anyone staying here till the Saturday, when we expect a house full," so she had written in her bold hand. "But I've arranged this on purpose, for I want to have some long talks with you. I want you to tell me freely about your hopes and ambitions."

A curious and incomprehensible letter, but a letter which Chester had repeated to himself till he almost knew it by heart. And now, in a couple of hours' time, he would be face to face with the writer—the woman whose motive in asking him down to her home he had not yet fully gauged, but whom he felt convinced would either be his best friend or bitterest enemy. For Paul Chester was not a fool, and he knew that the Duchess of Berkshire must have some object in wanting to see him. She must either like or dislike him.

He remembered their first meeting; how he had defied her, torn her dog from her, and how she had threatened him with punishment in the future. Well, this was a different business—his lips curled into a smile—he did not think he was going down to face punishment. He was not a vain man by nature, but he was conscious that in some indefinable way he interested an extraordinary woman.

He knew her reputation, but he was too assured of himself to feel the least bit afraid of her wiles. At the bottom of his mind he was a realist, and a curiously conscientious man. Delilah herself would not have won a smile from him, far less a caress; but for all that he felt it would be very foolish not to take advantage of any liking the Duchess might have conceived for him, when to win favour in her eyes meant certain success. Only—and here he was firmly and resolutely determined—there must be nothing approaching a flirtation between them, and the woman must be made to recognise this from the first. He, Paul Chester, was not the sort of man who would singe his wings at an unholy flame, or care to be known as the professed admirer of a married woman. He was virtuous by nature, virtuous by instinct, and he had all the conventions and prejudices of the middle class. Perhaps Henrietta Temple guessed as much, smiling to herself as she lounged on the sofa in her boudoir, and nibbled at big French chocolates, glancing every now and then at a clock on the mantelpiece, as though eager for Paul Chester's advent.

The Duke came into the room. He had a slow steady footstep for a man of his height and size, and opened doors with a curious quietness. He was sincerely attached to his wife, and had a steady conviction that, though it pleased Henrietta to fool men, rob them of their secrets and their hearts, in all serious matters she was absolutely loyal and devoted to his interests, and as fond of him as a wife need be.

He could hardly have helped being aware how

much of his success he owed her. She had manoeuvred him years ago into the Cabinet, and before long she would succeed in making him Premier of England. It was impossible not to care for such a woman—not to respect her; and there was no doubt that the Duke gave his wife a deep regard. Moreover, he never suffered a jealous qualm, for he had an immense belief in himself. He was as much a king in his own way, he considered, as Henrietta was a queen, and they stood apart from the rest of the world on a raised dais of their own. He had not the least objection to the homage paid Henrietta, and it amused him when clever and distinguished men fell in love with her, for he felt convinced that she was only fooling them to help him; and he liked to watch her, with sleepy, half-closed eyes, sitting in state, holding her court.

He knew quite well that a number of people considered him a little better than a dull figure-head. But he was more than that. He was a very wise man. His lethargic silence was a pose; his yawn an affectation. He could bark when he chose, bark and bite; he could occasionally be spurred to a brilliant speech, a cutting epigram; and, knowing this, aware of his own merits, he had no fear that the day would ever come when Henrietta might think seriously of another man. He knew his wife—or, at any rate, he thought he did.

"So you've come back early," Henrietta glanced up languidly and yawned. She had not expected the Duke back just yet. He had told her he was going round the home farm with his bailiff, and then would have to pay a tour of inspection to some new cottages—a programme which should have kept him out till long past five, and now the clock was only striking four.

"I got sick of the job," returned the Duke. "Beasty wet outside—horribly misty."

"Really!" Henrietta smiled. She was a little amused with herself because she had felt so annoyed at her husband's unexpected advent, for why should she want to receive Paul Chester alone—alone in her boudoir? She glanced out; yet, it certainly was very misty, and a drizzling rain was falling. She had not observed the weather before, she had devoted her attention to the clock and the fire. Now, she thought, with a little glow of satisfaction, how glad Mr. Chester would be to get into the warmth after a long and gloomy drive!

Her own special rooms at Helmsworth were always kept overheated, and were lit entirely by candles, for she abhorred electric light. She was fond of strong scents, and hot, luxuriously furnished rooms, and yet at the same time she could appreciate a spin over the country in her motor-car, the excitement of the hunting-field, and was no mean shot or whip.

She was a woman of moods, overflowing one day with life and vitality, a thorough out-of-doors sportswoman, the next might find her lounging on a sofa, indolent and scented as an Eastern Sultana, a woman who viewed the world with big, languid eyes, governed wholly by her senses, a smiling epicureane to her finger-tips.

There were those who said that Henrietta was most dangerous when this mood of apparent laziness was on her, for it was then that her subtle secrets from them, weaving her webs as she posed in a tea-gown in the warm glow of her boudoir, listening to what her visitor might have to say.

"What made you ask that fellow Paul Chester down here, just when we're quite by ourselves?" the Duke asked after a long pause. He had sat down by now in a big armchair, and was yawning behind his hand. "The man is a mere nobody."

"Indeed?" Henrietta raised her eyes, then she arranged her cushions teasingly. "The man may be a nobody to-day," she muttered. "I don't say he isn't, but I tell you, Robert, he will be a somebody to-morrow."

The Duke yawned again. It was very warm in the boudoir, and he had been out for a long tramp, and so felt distinctly sleepy; also he liked yawning.

"Yes, this man Paul Chester has got a future before him," Henrietta continued. "He's clever, he's strong, and he's determined, and I will make him into something great before I've done with him, you see if I don't." Her eyes flashed, and she clenched her small, white hands.

The Duke laughed shortly. "Poor devil!" he muttered, quaintly. "Poor devil!"

"What do you mean?" the woman interrupted hastily. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm sorry for Chester or any other man who happens to interest you, my dear," he replied quietly. "You are like a queen who amuses herself by having favours after favours. But what's merely a pastime for the queen is sometimes deadly earnest for the knave. It amuses you to play with men, Henrietta, and to move the pawns about the chessboard as you like; but I always feel a little sorry for the pawns."

"This man won't be a pawn," she said sharply.

"Knight, bishop, castle, king!"—the duke waved his hands—"it will all be the same in the end. When Chester has done his part in the game you are playing you won't want him any more; he'll be put back in his box."

(Continued on page 11.)

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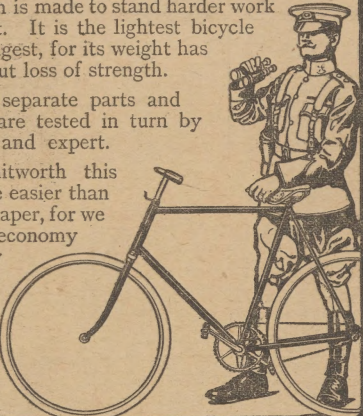
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THE MONEY-MARKET.

Stock Exchange Suffering from Speculation by City Operators.

HOME RAILS DECLINE.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The Stock Exchange is still suffering heavily from the result of the speculation, not so much on the part of the public as by certain well-known City operators. One gentleman who recently committed suicide is reported to have had a considerable account open in Home Rails and Kaffirs. As a matter of fact, there was not very much amiss with the general speculative account. It is on quite a small scale everywhere, but investment business has been so slack recently that there seems to be nobody about to take even the moderate amount of liquidated stock on offer.

The Home Railway dealers are too wary to give high prices, and marked down quotations with a will, and in the Kaffir market the political uncertainties tell. For a long time past there has really only been a very small amount of investment business, relatively speaking. Yet at Central, where movement has shown, there is a good deal of money about, and if only the Morocco influence were out of the way quite likely we should see a good revival.

Really good points seem quite thrown away on the markets in their present mood. For instance, at the Consol carry-over to-day, the rate was much lighter than was expected. Allowing for the consangos, Consols at 90s are practically unaltered.

GRAND TRUNKS SET-BACK.

The stress of liquidation of the weak accounts about caused some sharp falling-off in the leading Home Railway stocks. North-Easterns showed most adverse movement, but the stocks of all the great trade lines, except the Great Central, were substantially easier as a result of the day's business. Yet even here there were good points. The South-Eastern-Chatham traffic showed £1,090 increase, and the Great Eastern £1,700 increase. In fact, it looks like a good array of traffics to-morrow. The market closed buyers at the level.

American Rails continued to disregard the tendency of every other market. They were better in New York overnight, and they were better here again to-day.

There was a further set-back in Grand Trunks at first, for recent gamblers were not so sure of their position. Later prices were hoisted somewhat, but it was very half-hearted. Foreign Rails were not bad marked. There, in the Mexican Railway stocks there was profit-taking after the recent rise, but some of the other Mexican securities were firm enough, and Argentine Rails held their own.

PARIS CONFIDENT OVER ALGECIRAS.

The new Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway issue proved to be a success, the lists being closed two days before the advertised time. Here again is a proof that there is money enough about for investment purposes in sound debentures and other securities of fairly good class. There was a good feeling also in the Brazilian group, where quite a little flutter seems to be going on among the gamblers in the somewhat bulky Sao Paulo stock.

Having regard to the Morocco uncertainties, it was satisfactory enough to find that the leading Foreign securities were very well maintained. Evidently, therefore, Paris does not fear any warlike developments, even should the Algeciras Conference break down. The weak spot in the Foreign market is the Japanese group. The call on the new scrip is due to-morrow, but there is a good many rather nervous sellers of Japanese securities about just now. Peruvians are put better on the talk of the new loan arrangements.

LIQUIDATION IN KAFFIRS.

Naturally there is a tendency to sell Chinese descriptions of the gambling of that country. There is also a tendency to sell Nitrate shares. But there are buyers for the Russian oil group and for rubber shares.

At first Kaffirs were put better. Lord Elgin's speech showed the absolute fraud of the recent Chinese slavery cry, and the report of the attitude of the Boers towards Chinese labour, and Botha's recent statement that every industry in the Transvaal must have its full complement, set prices on the up grade, but there was still a lot of liquidation to do, and so there was a decidedly sharp set-back later, the selling apparently coming largely from one group that was the target of the attacks on Bankets. The close was flat. The firm was the copper share group, but West Africans were also fairly firm.

ROYAL EXHIBIT OF SHIRE HORSES.

Although the restrictive measures adopted by the council have led to a reduction of the entries at the show of shire horses at the Agricultural Hall, which was opened yesterday, the exhibition is a fine one in respect to quality.

Judging proceeded slowly yesterday, and there will be a fair number of classes to be adjudicated upon to-day, when the King, who is represented by six superb specimens, is expected to arrive in the early afternoon.

BOOTS FOR TOY DOGS.



During the wet weather some pampered canine pets have been seen in rubber boots. Above is a dog ready to take its afternoon walk protected from the weather by coat and boots.

BY RIGHT OF LOVE.

(Continued from page 10.)

She made no answer, only looked fixedly and steadily into the fire.

The Duke rose slowly from his chair. "I feel a bit stiff and damp," he remarked. "I'll have a bath—nothing like a hot bath for taking the chill out of one's bones."

He walked heavily towards the door, but as he passed his wife's sofa he laid his hand on her shoulder. "You're a wonderful woman, Henrietta," he said. "Still, it is a good thing for you that I'm not a jealous man." The Duke laughed loudly, then trumped out of the room.

But Henrietta glanced sombrely into the fire. "I wonder—I wonder," she muttered to herself, "what people feel like when they are ready to throw the whole world aside for love, to let the house of cards come down and not care a snap of the fingers, fling the gates of Vanity Fair behind, and take to the high road with a smile? I have never felt for anyone like that," she murmured. "It's always been myself first and the other person afterwards; but, then, I wonder if I have ever been really—absolutely in love?"

She rose from the sofa, and glanced down with an abstracted face into the very heart of the fire. "No, I have never been in love," she repeated, "and it is rather a pity, for I could love—if I chose."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hands of a Siren.

It was a long drive from Helmsworth Station to Helmsworth itself, but a triumphant drive to Paul Chester, for it was marvellous to feel that he was on his way to stay at one of the most famous houses in England; and he wondered if the man he was talking with him felt as impressed as he did himself.

He was not a snob, and yet he had felt absurdly pleased and delighted by the way everyone had stared at him when he got out of the train, just because he was going as a guest to the great house. Stationmaster and underling had almost fallen over each other in their anxiety to do him service. Two women waiting in a smart motor-car outside the station had gazed at him curiously as he got into the brougham with the dual coronet on the panel. To what touching of caps and bobbing of curseys the carnage had driven off.

He looked out of the window as the horses trotted swiftly along, and for all the drizzling rain, he appreciated the landscape. Those quiet, sombre fields, those dark, sweeping woods—they all belonged to the man and woman he was going to visit; they were part and parcel of the dual heritage.

He felt as a man might feel when summoned to stay with royalty—a man who revels in the magnificent ceremonies of Court life and the dignity that hedges kings.

It pleased Chester to observe the way in which the great front entrance gates were flung back to admit the carriage into the park, and the deferential curtsy of the lodgekeeper. Then he caught his breath a little, for what a magnificent park this was—such a park as may only be found in England!

Great elms reared their gigantic branches, the splendid English oak, the stately chestnut, and, afar in the distance, a long row of poplars. What did it matter if the trees were bare of leaves and the beauty of the summer? They were majestic

all the same, as they reared their branches against the sky, grim and splendid veterans.

He smiled, too, as he noticed the world-famous deer of Helmsworth.

Then the house itself! He flushed as he first caught sight of it. What a splendid old house it was!

Dead-and-gone kings had honoured Helmsworth with their presence. Treason had been hatched within the walls, and loyalty rewarded. Helmsworth had been a landmark for centuries, the home of a great race. It was a house with its own history—its own great and wonderful records.

A few from the turret, a sign that the lord of Helmsworth was there in residence, and the building stretched out in long, white wings to each side. What an enormous mansion it was! The vastness of Helmsworth settled upon him, and he felt strangely humble in his own eyes, oppressed by a magnificence which reared up out of the past, by a splendour which exceeded all he had ever known or seen.

He drew his breath in sharply as the great doors opened, and he crossed the threshold, and for a second the thought swept through his brain of what his father would have felt could he have seen his despised son that moment—the son of the mill-hand.

A flush mounted to his forehead. Then he glanced about him, determined not to allow himself to be unduly oppressed by the glories of Helmsworth, or to feel unequal to the part he had to play.

He glanced about him as the footmen moved back and disappeared into the shadows of the great hall, and left him to follow the solemn and majestic butler.

It was a wonderful hall. It had been photographed over and over again, and Chester had seen one or two engravings of it, had heard of the splendours of the Rubens ceiling and the glory of the fire-place carved by Gibbons, had been told of the marvellous chain armour which hung round the walls and the great vases of Lapus Lazuli brought from Rome by the present Duke's grandfather, but no description which had been given him came up to what he now saw with his own eyes, and he was dazed as he stared about him.

Helmsworth possessed an atmosphere of its own. The wings of the majestic past rooded over it, and the glory of this great English home overcame Chester. It was like nothing he had ever imagined—even in his dreams.

The groom of the chambers came forward, and he followed the man mechanically, conscious of but one thing, that in a few seconds he would be ushered into the presence of the mistress of Helmsworth—the wonderful, dazzling woman who had chosen to beckon him to her, and had promised to be his friend.

The groom of the chambers led the way up wide, soft-carpeted stairs, then threw open a great drawing-room which opened out into yet another great drawing-room, rooms all glorious with their hangings of crimson silk, their brocade chairs, their marvellous old French furniture.

At last Chester found himself outside the boudoir door, and he gazed eagerly in as he crossed the threshold.

She rose from the sofa to greet him; she came forward with outstretched hands and smiling lips; but there was danger, had Chester only guessed it, in that smile, and the hands were the hands of a siren.

(To be continued.)

INFANT HEALTH GROWTH AND WELFARE

Facts of the Greatest Interest to Parents and Nurses, Well Worthy of Careful Consideration.

Article No. 4.

All parents are anxious that their children should not only grow up strong and well, but that they should have good constitutions, vigorous brains, and nerves that will not easily get out of order. The time to think about such matters is not when boyhood or girlhood has well advanced, but during the earliest days of infancy, and there is no time at which so much can be done to ensure a healthy, happy life, and a body equal to all the demands that can be made upon it. The weak, delicate, easily-tired and nervous are heavily handicapped in the race of life, but these conditions may be to a great extent prevented by wise care and judicious feeding in the first year of infant life.

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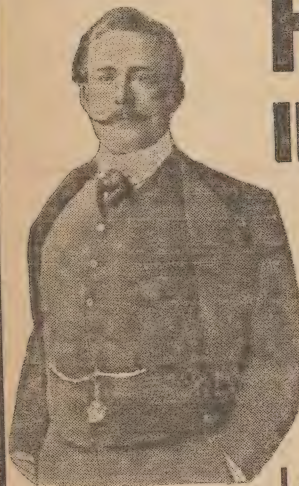
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Resting the eyes is the next detail. Turn the chair away from the light, close the eyes gradually,

cessary to lull it with sweet smells. The odour of a rose or spring violets, and of narcissi, is good for the olfactory organs.

The next step in the process is the resting of the mouth. Few people ever rest the mouth well; many do not rest it at all. To rest the mouth keep the lips from twitching. Do not bite the lips; do not draw the mouth this way and that. The lips should lightly touch each other, but should not be ground together. Do not pull the upper lip down or do anything that will distort the mouth.

Then learn how to rest the head. Whilst you are walking the head should rest well back upon the neck; it should never be thrust forward. Whilst you are sitting it should take the easiest position possible, and if convenient should be supported by a cushion or the back of a chair. Resting the back is very important. A woman's



Made of dove-coloured cashmere, this toilette is inset with lozenges of pansy velvet, embroidered at the edge with dove and mauve silk. Velvet reverses decorate the bodice, and velvet forms the clinture. Over the white lace chemisette cross-bars of narrow silver tissue ribbon are arranged.

rest your arms in your lap, set your mind in pleasant channels, and so rest the orbs. Rested eyes will not lose their lustre and their strength as quickly as eyes that are never rested. Rest them three times a day, taking five minutes for each resting, and the result will well repay the trouble. Rested eyes have no crow's feet round them; they have not a faded look, and never lose their brightness.

If you want your eyes to look brilliant and healthy, do not read in a moving train, do not read when there is dust blowing, and do not read in a dim light.

Resting the nose is another form of the same cult. This sounds absurd, but the beauty doctors always recommend it. To rest the nose it is ne-

cessary to lull it with sweet smells. The odour of a rose or spring violets, and of narcissi, is good for the olfactory organs.

Learn to rest the body all over, then practise resting for five or ten minutes three or four times a day. Very soon the habit will become so natural that you will be resting always, unconsciously whatsoever you are doing.

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The word "INTERNATIONAL" contains thirteen letters, and WE OFFER £25 IN CASH PRIZES to those who make the largest number of words from the thirteen letters contained in the word "INTERNATIONAL".

THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT—Rent, Not, To, Late, Ray, Lane, Oil, and so on; use these seven words and as many more as you can think of. Words spelt the same way with different meanings will be admitted with their proper definitions, but will be counted once only, if definitions are not given. If you put in an inadmissible word by mistake, don't worry about it; we shall simply mark it off, and it will not affect the validity of the balance of your list.

THIS IS WHAT YOU MUST NOT DO—No names of persons (such as Nora) or names of places

(such as Natal) or other proper nouns will be allowed. Do not use a letter twice in one word unless it occurs twice in the word "INTERNATIONAL".

When you have studied out all your words, write them neatly in column form in alphabetical order, placing a number before each word, so as to facilitate the work of the examiners.

WE SHALL USE JOHNSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY in checking your list, and we shall not pass any word that does not appear in this work. This gives every competitor an equal chance, whether living in Town or Country, and for the benefit of competitors who have not yet secured a copy of this Dictionary, we have arranged for a good, cheap edition, compiled up to date, containing 36,000 words, printed in clear type on good quality paper, handsomely and strongly bound, lettered in black on red cover—truly a most important and valuable book of reference. The object of the compiler has been to present in a concise form the definitions given by Dr. Johnson, adding carefully the numerous words which have come into use since his time.

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the top of your list and state the number of words you claim to have made in accordance with the rules. (4) When sending your list enclose a postal order for 2s. 6d. to pay for the complete set of 30 cards. (5) Also enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, so that the prize list may be sent to you when the contest closes.

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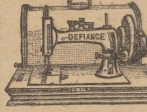
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